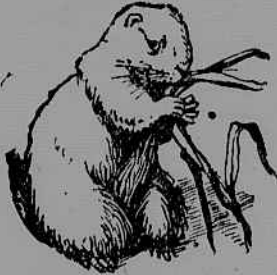


Outdoor Gossip From Texas

Reported by Kate Randle Menefee



WE TAKE pleasure in giving space to the following letter from our venerable plainsman, Jack Prairie Dog.

Dear Old "Trib.": To think that the young folk should ever really want to know the facts about my life! The old tales in which I figured with the rattlesnakes and owls were fairy tales. True, I am a sociable fellow, but not to that extent. I live in a regular dog town, and am fond of sitting up on my little mound home and barking. It is very sad to think that my race is dying out. Still, however, any Western traveler may come across our little villages and see us out eating our herbs and grass. Remember me to any inquiring friends, and if you ever come to Western Texas be sure to look me up.

JACK PRAIRIE DOG.

POLLY, the parrot lady, who always wears green and yellow, celebrated the other day by wire walking. She chose the telephone wire for this unusual diversion. Firemen had to be called to help her down, no one else having a ladder of sufficient length. We hope she does not adopt this form of amusement.

OLD UNCLE JOHNNY SNAKE has been blind the past few days. We are glad to hear that this is not a permanent affliction, however, but only caused from shedding his skin, which he does several times during the year.



ASPIRITED discussion took place to-day at the meeting of the "Pioneers' Club." It began by some one asking what a chaparral was. Some declared it was low, heavy underbrush. Others that it was a bird called a road-runner. The argument promised to bring a split in the club until it was suggested that both sides were correct. The chaparral bird is a kind of ground cuckoo and runs with great swiftness. The chaparral brush is a mass of low, thorny shrubs or cactus. As usual, there were two sides to the question.



THE following lines were handed to us by young Mr. 'Possum. They are especially appropriate at this season of the year. We cannot doubt their originality.

I'm just a little 'Possum, and some time I'll have to die,
And midst the sweet potatoes on the table I may lie—
But I hope you'll see I'm dead, sir, 'fore you close the oven door—
For I've played the game of "dead one" quite a million times before!

This reminds us of Mr. 'Possum's trick, "playing dead," when in close quarters. Now that he has thus publicly confessed we hope he will be rewarded by escaping the fate he thinks inevitable.



WE QUOTE the following from Professor Billy Goat's Diary: Time, January. Place, Texas. Weather, mild. Attended the Birdmen's meet. It was held in a nearby tree auditorium. Those present were Chirpy Sparrow, Billy Mocking Bird, Sweetie Cardinal and Sonny Woodpecker. All had mastered the art of flying thoroughly. Sonny's uniform was striking. His wings were a wonderful combination of black and white. His neckpiece was a soft dove color. There was a bright red spot upon the back of his head. A similar spot was to be noticed just above his bill. There was some friction between Billy Mocking Bird and Sweetie Cardinal. Chirpy Sparrow was most eager to have the fray take place. Sonny Woodpecker brought the meeting to an end in perfect harmony by dislodging a very large piece of bark from the tree auditorium. The others flew away in fright at the unusual sound.